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S O N G S

FOR

THE SABBATH.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

B O S T O N :

OLIVER L. PERKINS.

1844.

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Songs
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SONGS FOR THE SABBATH.



THE WORKS OF CREATION.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green ;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
' Our beauties are but for today.'

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;
And moon and sun in answer said,
' Our days of light are numberéd.'

O God ! O good beyond compare !
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy beauties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee !

THE WORLD.

UNTHINKING, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and talked, and danced, and sung ;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain :
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred, how sad 't would be,
Were this world, only, made for me !

LIFE FADING.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky !
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight ;
For thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet rose, in air whose odors wave,
And color charms the eye !
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet spring, of days and roses made,
Whose charms for beauty vie !
Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
Thou, too, alas ! must die.

Be wise then, christian, while you may,
For swiftly time is flying ;
The thoughtless man, that laughs today,
Tomorrow will be dying.

EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God !

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay !
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !

O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned
Were all alike divine!
Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thy own!

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Ask the bird that soars on high,
Midway between earth and sky,
What he sees, when he is there,
Of the world's receding sphere.
He could teach, if he might say,
Heavenward as he bends his way,
How the wide world lessens fast,
In the growing distance lost.
Lesser objects lost to view,
Great ones are but little now;
All that once were bright and fair
Lose their tints and disappear.
Doubt you, then, why they who rise
Near and nearer to the skies,
See on earth's diminished sphere,
Little that is worth their care?
They whose bosoms once could joy
In the vain world's vainest toy,

They whose hearts could sometimes feel
E'en the slightest touch of ill,
From the world by sorrow riven,
Gone already half to heaven,
Look with calmness on a scene,
Scarcely now within their ken.
Deem not that the heart is chilled,
Which, though once with anguish filled,
Such emotions all forgot,
Smiles and says, 'it matters not.'

FRAILTY OF MAN.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew ;

Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood ;
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid tonight.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;
The spring entombed in autumn lies ;
The dew dries up, the star is shot ;
The flight is past — and man forgot,

MAN IS VANITY.

WHAT is this passing scene ?

A peevish April day !

A little sun, a little rain,

And then night sweeps along the plain,

And all things fade away :

Man (soon discussed)

Yields up his trust ;

And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust !

And what is beauty's power ?

It flourishes and dies ;

Will the cold earth its silence break,

To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek

Beneath its surface lies ?

Mute, mute is all

O'er beauty's fall :

Her praise resounds no more, when mantled in her
pall.

The most beloved on earth

Not long survives today ;

So music past is obsolete,

And yet 't was sweet, 't was passing sweet,

But now 't is gone away ;

Thus does the shade,

In memory fade,

When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid !

Then since this world is vain
And volatile and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joy,
Where rust corrupts and moths destroy,
And eares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing
heart lie still?

THE STAR OF THE EAST.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure :

Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid,
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

RACHEL WEEPING.

O WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb,
O Rachel, weep not so !
The bud is cropped by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow !

Firstlings of faith ! the murderer's knife
Has missed its deadliest aim !
The God for whom they gave their life,
For them to suffer came !

Though feeble were their days and few,
Baptized in blood and pain,
He knows them, whom they never knew,
And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
O Rachel, weep not so !
The bud is cropped by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow !

THE WORKS OF GOD.

THE God of nature and of grace
In all his works appears ;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom planned ;
'T was he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the arch of heaven your eye,
Thither his path pursue ;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens — the mountains stand
A highway for their God ;
He walks amidst the desert land —
'T is Eden where he trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice ;
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old his solemn voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills he feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains :

His praise is warbled by the birds,
O could we catch their strains :

Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light ;
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night !

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth ;
In every breeze his spirit blows
The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God had made this world so fair
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found !

THE WELCOME SABBATH.

RETURN, thou wished and welcome guest ;
Thou day of holiness and rest !
Thou best, the dearest of the seven,
Emblem and harbinger of heaven !

MAN'S FRAILTY.

How FEW and evil are thy days,
O man, of woman born!
Trouble and peril haunt thy ways.
Forth like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light;
Youth blossoms with the breeze;
Age withering age, is cropped ere night.
Man like a shadow flees.

And dost thou look on such a one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
As fall the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;
Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
O hide me till thy wrath be past,
Thou, who canst kill or save;
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave.

EMBLEM OF A DEPARTING SAINT.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow :
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below :
'Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west.
Emblem methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven :
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

SUPERIORITY TO THE WORLD.

Al ! why should this immortal mind,
Enslaved by sense, be thus confined,
And never, never rise ?
Why, thus amused with empty toys,
And soothed with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies !

The mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,

To everlasting things ;
But earthly vapors cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight
Upon her drooping wings.

The world employs its various shares,
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
And chained to earth I lie :
When shall my fettered powers be free,
And leave these seats of vanity,
And upward learn to fly !

Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
Invite my soul ; O could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below !
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say to every tempting snare,
Heaven calls, and I must go.

Heaven calls, and can I yet delay ?
Can aught on earth engage my stay ?
Ah, wretched, lingering heart !
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.



THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

Lo THE lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the cheerful birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy;
'Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!

'Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow!

'One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
Pass we blithely then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
God provideth for the morrow!

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

'SERVANT of God! well done ;
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.'
The voice at midnight came ;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield :
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight ;
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen :
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it smote between :
'T was death to sin ; 't was life
To all that mourned for sin ;
It kindled, and it silenced, strife,
Made war, and peace, within.

Oft with its fiery force,
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
Bent on such glorious toil,
The world to him was loss ;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
' To meet thy God prepare ! '
He woke, and caught his captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay,
His tent, at sunrise on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done ;
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.



HEAVEN.

FRIEND after friend departs,
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blessed.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire!

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying, here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course :
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul new-born of God
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize :
Soon the Savior will return
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

GOD'S PREVENTING GRACE.

GOD of my life, how good, how wise,
Thy judgments on my soul have been !
They were but mercies in disguise,
The painful remedies of sin :
How different now thy ways appear,
Most merciful, when most severe !

Since first the maze of life I trod,
Hast thou not hedged about my way,
My worldly vain designs withstood,
And robbed my passions of their prey,
Withheld the fuel from the fire,
And crossed my every fond desire ?

How oft didst thou my soul withhold,
And baffle my pursuit of fame,
And mortify my lust of gold,
And blast me in my surest aim ;
Withdraw my animal delight,
And starve my groveling appetite !

Thou wouldst not let the captive go,
Or leave me to my carnal will ;
Thy love forbade my rest below,
Thy patient love pursued me still,
And forced me from my sin to part,
And tore the idol from my heart.

But can I now the loss lament,
Or murmur at thy friendly blow ?
Thy friendly blow my heart hath rent,
From every seeming good below ;
Thrice happy loss which makes me see
My happiness alone in thee !

THE GUIDANCE OF GOD.

THE golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see ;
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angel's thoughts can be.
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on ?
Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,
Conduct me to thy glorious throne !
And clothe me with thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Savior and my God.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

HOPE, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of its ethereal birth,
On steady wing, flies through the immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul while yet a sufferer here,
With wreaths like those angelic spirits wear.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

WHAT is life? 't is but a vapor ;

Soon it vanishes away :

Life is like a dying taper :

O, my soul, why wish to stay ?

Why not spread thy wings and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy ?

See that glory, how resplendent !

Brighter far than fancy paints,

There, in majesty transcendent,

Jesus reigns, the King of saints.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy !

Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,

Sing with rapture of his love :

Through the heavens his praises sounding,

Filling all the courts above.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy !

Go and share his people's glory,

'Midst the ransomed crowd appear ;

Thine a joyful, wondrous story :

One that angels love to hear.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly

Straight to yonder world of joy !

JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL.

PART FIRST.

COME, O thou traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see !
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee ;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am ;
My misery and sin declare :
Thyself hast called me by my name :
Look on thy hands, and read it there :
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell !
To know it now, resolved I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain :
When I am weak, then I am strong :
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God man prevail.

PART SECOND.

Yield to me now, for I am weak ;
But confident in self despair :
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak ;
Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or thou never hence shall move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me ;
I hear thy whisper in my heart :
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure, universal Love, thou art :
To me, to all, thy bowels move ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see thee face to face ;
I see thee face to face, and live ;
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Savior, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend :
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end :
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing on his wings ;
Withered my nature's strength ; from thee
My soul its life and succor brings ;
My help is all laid up above ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end ;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend ;
Nor have I power from thee to move ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey ;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome ;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home ;
Through all eternity to prove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

A FATHER LEAVING HIS FAMILY TO GOD.

AMID the anguish and the strife,
That shrinking nature fears,
Look gently down, great Source of life,
And dry death's starting tears !

Serene, like Jacob, we would die,
And 'gather up our feet ;'
Would chide the lingering hours, and fly
Our Savior God to meet.

Our dearest comforts we could leave,
With glory in our eyes :
Would wipe the tears of those that grieve,
And point them to the skies.

Our trembling lips, if thou art nigh,
When life's sad hours are few,
With joy shall say, ' behold, we die,
But God shall be with you.'

TIME.

TIME *was*, is past ; thou canst not it recall :
Time *is*, thou hast ; employ the portion small ;
Time *future* is not ; and may never be :
Time *present* is the only time for thee.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!

Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,

In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls

And pearly gates behold?

Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,

And streets of shining gold?

O when, thou city of my God,

Shall I thy courts ascend?

Where congregations ne'er break up,

And sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,

Nor sin nor sorrow know;

Blessed seats! through rude and stormy scenes

I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and wo?

Or feel, at death, dismay?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,

And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there,

Around my Savior stand;

And soon my friends in Christ below

Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

FRAILITY OF MAN.

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one go wrong;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

'Tis God who made and keeps our frame,
In God alone we'll trust;
Salvation to the Almighty Name
That reared us from the dust.

LITANY.

By thy birth and early years ;
By thy human griefs and fears ;
By thy fasting and distress,
In the lonely wilderness ;
By thy victory, in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Jesus ! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By the sympathy that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By thy bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode ;
By the troubled sigh that told
Treason lurked within thy fold,
Jesus ! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thine hour of dark despair ;
By thine agony of prayer ;
By the purple robe of scorn ;
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
Cross and passion, pangs and cries ;
By thy perfect sacrifice,
Jesus ! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sealed sepulchral stone ;

By thy triumph o'er the grave ;
By thy power from death to save,
Mighty God! ascended Lord!
To thy throne in heaven restored!
Prince and Savior! hear the cry
Of our solemn litany.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile
You little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea,
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear
In clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before.
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

WHAT ARE MEETINGS, HERE, BUT PARTINGS.

WHAT are meetings, here, but partings ?
What are ecstasies, but smartings ?
Unions what, but separations ?
What attachments, but vexations ?

Every smile but brings its tear,
Love its ache, and hope its fear ;
All that 's sweet must bitter prove ;
All we hold most dear, remove.

Foes may harm us ; but the dearest,
Ever, here, are the severest :
Sorrow wounds us ; but we borrow
From delight the keenest sorrow :

'Tis to love our farewells owe
All their emphasis of wo ;
Most it charms that most annoys ;
Joys are griefs, and griefs are joys !

Heavenward rise ! 'tis Heaven, in kindness
Mars our bliss, to heal our blindness :

Hope from vanity to sever ;
Offering joys that bloom forever,
In that amaranthine clime,
Far above the tears of time,
Where nor fear nor hope intrude,
Lost in pure beatitude !

A NEW YEAR.

COME, let us anew,
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still,
Till the Master appear.

His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope,
And the labor of love.

Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment
Refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view,
And eternity 's here.

O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
'I have fought my way through ;
I have finished the work
Thou didst give me to do.'

O that each from his Lord,
May receive the glad word :
' Well and faithfully done !
Enter into my joy,
And sit down on my throne !'

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

The moments fly — a minute's gone !
The minutes fly — an hour is run !
' The day is fled, the night is here !
Thus a week, a month, a year.

A year — alas ! how soon it's past ;
Who knows but *this* may be my last !
A few short years, how soon they're fled,
And we are numbered with the dead.

INNOCENT EARTHLY PLEASURES.

Few rightly estimate the worth
Of joys that spring and fade on earth ;
They are not weeds we should despise,
They are not fruits of paradise ;
But wild flowers in the pilgrim's way,
That cheer, yet not protract his stay ;
Which he dare not too fondly clasp,
Lest they should perish in his grasp ;
And yet may view, and wisely love,
As proofs and types of joys above.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

SWIFT as the arrow cuts its way
Through the soft yielding air :
Or as the sun's more subtle ray,
Or lightning's sudden glare ;
Or as an eagle to the prey,
Or shuttle through the loom,
So haste our fleeting lives away,
So pass we to the tomb.

Like airy bubbles, lo ! we rise,
And dance upon life's stream ;
Till soon the air that caused, destroys
Th' attenuated frame.
Down the swift stream we glide apace,
And carry death within ;
Then break, and scarcely leave a trace,
To show that we have been.

The man, the wisest of our kind,
Who length of days had seen,
To birth and death a time assigned,
But none to life between.
Yet O ! what consequences close
This transient state below ! —
Eternal joys : or, losing those,
Interminable wo !

THE LAW OF LOVE.

BLESSED is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain :

Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

He spreads his kind, supporting arms,
'To every child of grief ;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfill
The perfect law of love.

RESIGNATION.

ONE prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
When I am wholly thine :
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust :
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

Is life with many comforts crowned,
Upheld in peace and health,
With dear affections twined around ?
Lord, in my time of wealth,

May I remember, that to thee,
Whate'er I have I owe :
And back, in gratitude from me,
May of all thy bounties flow.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will ?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
' The Lord is gracious still.'

A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fall when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

Write but my name upon the roll
Of thy redeemed above ;
Then, heart, and mind, and strength, and soul,
Shall love thee for *thy* love.

BLESSED BE THY NAME FOREVER.

BLESSED be thy name forever,
Thou of life the guard and giver :
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping ;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name forever.

Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blessed are they thou kindly keepest ;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity ;
God of life ! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name forever !

FAMILY HARMONY.

O! SWEET as vernal dews that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,
When evening clouds draw thither,
So sweet, so heavenly 'tis, to see
The members of one family
Live peacefully together:

The children like the lily flowers,
On which descend the suns and showers,
Their hues of beauty blending;
The parents, like the willow boughs,
On which the lovely foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

But leaves the greenest will decay,
And flowers the brightest fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping;
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping.

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither;
And friends who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together.

WATCHMAN! WHAT OF THE NIGHT.

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler! yes: it brings the day,—
Promised day of Israel!

Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own,
And it bursts o'er all the earth

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease:
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

THE SEASONS.

How PLEASING is the voice
Of God our heavenly King,
Who bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the lovely spring !

Bright suns arise,
The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows
Through earth and skies.

The morn, with glory crowned,
His hand arrays in smiles ;
He bids the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills :

The evening breeze
His breath perfumes :
His beauty blooms
In flowers and trees.

With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms :
He spreads the autumnal feast,
And rides on wintry storms :

His gifts divine,
Through all appear ;
And round the year
His glories shine.

WHAT IS LIFE?

O! WHAT is life? 'T is like a flower
That blossoms — and is gone :
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on :
Death comes — and like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.

O! what is life? 'T is like the bow
That glistens in the sky :
We love to see its colors glow,
But while we look they die ;
Life fails as soon ; today 't is here,
Tomorrow it may disappear.

Lord, what is life? If spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care :
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR.

ANGELS ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care.
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white.

THE WAVES.

WHEN on the giddy cliff I stand,
I see the billows roar,
And, breaking on the coral strand,
Whiten with foam the shore.

But 't is in vain they strive to break
Beyond the bounds decreed ;
'No farther come,' let God but speak,
No farther they proceed.

Though furiously their heads they rear,
And mingle sea and skies,
They smooth as polished glass appear,
If 'peace, be still,' he cries.

Shall winds and waves their God obey,
And I refuse to hear ?
Shall he that bounds the flowing sea,
Not bind me with his fear ?

O Thou, who rulest seas and skies,
Corruption's flood control ;
Nor let the waves of passion rise
Within my troubled soul.

Then I, within thy sacred mound,
Shall, in obedience blest,
Calm, gently flowing, kiss the bound,
And wait eternal rest.

MORNING.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell ;
Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That danced forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing ;
Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven ;
Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight ;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven, and you partake ?
O ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !
New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasure, still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before ;
Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and steadfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.
O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !
We need not bid for cloistered cell,
Our neighbor and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :
The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask —
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

GOD UNSEARCHABLE.

CANST thou by searching find out God,
The Almighty to perfection trace ?
And pierce the clouds whose darkness shrouds
The brightness of Jehovah's face ?

Proud, daring man, this thought of thine
Proves thee the dupe of Satan's art :
The vain attempt must bring contempt
On thy rebellious head and heart.

First try the things thy senses reach,
Their nature, power, and essence tell ;
If here thou fail, canst thou prevail
To find out the Unsearchable ?

Go count the stars and call their names,
Sweep with the comet through the sky ;
Fix thy bold gaze on the sun's blaze,
With an undazzled, tearless eye.

Go sleep upon the thunder-cloud,
Grasp the forked lightning in thy hand ;
Proceed to find whence comes the wind,
And trace its path o'er sea and land.

Go and unbend the rainbow's arch,
Untwist its robes of various hues ;
Then view the source, and trace the course,
Of rain, hail, vapors, and the dews.

Go view the everlasting snows
Moistening the axles of the poles ;
Then boldly probe straight through the globe,
And span the line on which it rolls.

Should thy mind shrink from such attempts,
View the *least* work of Deity ;
The blades of grass thy skill surpass,
And thou art baffled by a fly.

If *every* work of God is full
Of mysteries we can never scan,
His word, 't is plain, must then contain
Wonders above the powers of man.

Before the great Unsearchable
With lowliness and love I'll bend ;
And gladly trace in Jesus' face
My God, my Savior, and my Friend.

THE HARMONY OF LOVE.

LORD, subdue our selfish will ;
Each to each our tempers suit
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
Sweetly on our spirits move ;
Gently touch the trembling strings ;
Make the harmony of love
Music for the King of kings !

MY DYING MOTHER.

I do remember, and will ne'er forget
The dying eye! That eye alone was bright,
And brighter grew, as nearer death approached:
As I have seen the gentle little flower
Look fairest in the silver beam which fell,
Reflected from the thunder cloud that soon
Came down, and o'er the desert scattered far
And wide its loveliness. She made a sign
To bring her babe: 't was brought and by her placed;
She looked upon its face that neither smiled
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon it; and laid
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
For it, with look that seemed to penetrate
The heavens, unutterable blessings, such
As God to dying parents only granted,
For infants left behind them in the world.
'God keep my child!' we heard her say, and heard
No more. The Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and faithful to his promise stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears; and closed without a cloud
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

COMMITTING OUR WAYS UNTO THE
LORD.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who heaven and earth commands :

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Fix on his word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done :

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care :
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way :
Wait thou his time ; thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, ' behold he prays.'

The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, in deed, and mind,
While with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
The Holy Spirit pleads ;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way ;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from her younger eyes,
Conceals that emptiness which age describes :
'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home ;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE GODLY.

HAPPY the men whose bliss supreme
Flows from a source on high,
And flows in one perpetual stream,
When earthly springs are dry.

Contentment makes their little, more ;
And sweetens good possessed ;
While faith foretastes the joys in store,
And makes them doubly blessed.

If Providence their comforts shroud,
And dark distresses lower ;
Hope paints its rainbow on the cloud,
And grace shines through the shower.

What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm,
Who view a Savior near ?
Whose father sits and guides the helm ;
Whose voice forbids their fear ?

Let tempests rage, and billows rise,
And mortal firmness shrink ;
Their anchor fastens in the skies ;
Their bark, no storm can sink !

God is their joy and portion still,
When earthly good retires ;
And shall their hearts sustain and fill,
When earth itself expires.

SABBATH EVENING.

Is THERE a time when moments flow,
More peacefully than all beside ?
It is of all the times below,
A sabbath eve in summer tide.
O then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below, and all above
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.
And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.
Delightful scene ! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear ;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.
If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly sure as this
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.
Delightful hour ! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign ;
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.
Yet will there dawn at last a day,
A sun that never sets shall rise ;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray ;
The heavenly sabbath never dies !

DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

E'EN as the needle, that directs the hour,
Touched with the loadstone, by the secret power
Of hidden nature, points upon the pole ;
E'en so the wavering powers of my soul,
Touched by the virtue of thy Spirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to thee.
When I have faith to hold thee by the hand,
I walk securely, and methinks I stand
More firm than Atlas ; but when I forsake
The safe protection of thine arm, I quake
Like wind-shaked reeds, and have no strength at all,
But like a vine, the prop cut down, I fall.

WISDOM.

AH ! when did wisdom covet length of days ?
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise ?
No : wisdom views, with an indifferent eye,
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast ;
A spark that upward tends by nature's force,
A stream diverted from its parent source ;
A drop dissevered from the boundless sea,
A moment parted from eternity !
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come ;
An exile anxious for his native home.

IS THERE AN UNBELIEVER?

Is THERE an unbeliever?

One man who walks the earth,
And madly doubts that Providence
Watched o'er him at his birth?
He robs mankind forever
Of hopes beyond the tomb;
What gives he as a recompense?
The brute's unhallowed doom.

In manhood's loftiest hour,
In health, and strength, and pride,
O! lead his steps through valleys green,
Where rills mid cowslips glide:
Climb nature's granite tower,
Where man hath rarely trod:
And will he then, in such a scene,
Deny there is a God?

Yes; the proud heart will ever
Prompt the false tongue's reply!
An omnipresent Providence
Still madly he'll deny.
But see the unbeliever
Sinking in death's decay;
And hear the cry of penitence!—
He never learned to pray!

O, JUDAH!

Jerusalem mourneth. . . . JEREMIAH.

O, JUDAH ! thy dwellings are sad,
Thy children are weeping around,
In sackcloth their bosoms are clad
As they look on the famishing ground ;
In the deserts they make them a home,
And the mountains awake to their cry ;
For the frown of Jehovah hath come,
And his anger is red in the sky.

Thy tender ones throng at the brink,
But the waters are gone from the well ;
They gaze on the rock, and they think
Of the gush of the stream from its cell ;
How they came to its margin before,
And drank in their innocent mirth ;
Away ! it is sealed, and no more
Shall the fountain give freshness to earth.

The hearts of the mighty are bowed,
And the lowly are haggard with care ;
The voices of mothers are loud,
As they shriek the wild note of despair.
O, Jerusalem ! mourn through thy halls,
And bend to the dust in thy shame,
For the doom that thy spirit appalls,
Is famine, the sword, and the flame !

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

O'ER the desert, vast and dreary,
Hagar's fainting footsteps passed ;
While her soul, of life nigh weary,
Shrank beneath the burning blast.
As her mournful journey wending,
Through that vale of death she strayed,
For the child her steps attending,
Thus, the outcast mother prayed !

' Lord ! the fount is dry and failing,
And my thirst-parched infant tries.
Vainly now, mid tears and wailing,
For its draught — he faints, he dies.
Pity, Lord ! a mother's anguish,
Close this pilgrimage of grief ;
Let me not behold him languish,
Nor have power to yield relief.

' Cruel was the hand that turned us,
Thus to wander in despair ;
Cruel was the hate that spurned us ;
Lord ! in mercy hear my prayer !
Ope the desert's hidden water
To these vainly-searching eyes ;
Then shall Egypt's wretched daughter
Bless the aid that Heaven supplies.'

SOUND AN ALARM!

My arms! Against this Gorgias will I go!
The Dumean governor shall know
How vain, how ineffectivè his design,
While rage his leader and Jehovah mine.

Sound an alarm! Your silver trumpets sound,
And call the brave, and only brave, around!
Who listeth, follow to the field again;
Justice and courage are a thousand men!

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

I know thou wilt not slight my call!
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine;
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused from sleep to wreck and death!

In ocean cave still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality ;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

FRIENDSHIP WHICH NEVER SHALL FADE.

In the tempest of life when the wave and the gale,
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
Look aloft and be firm and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each wo,
Should betray thee ; when sorrow like clouds are
arrayed,
Look aloft to that friendship which never shall fade.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, in sorrow depart,
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

And O ! when death comes in terrors to cast
His fears o'er the future, his pall o'er the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and depart.

CHARITY.

MONTGOMERY.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer ' nay.'
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came ;
Yet there was something in his eye,
That won my love, I know not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered : not a word he spake ;
Just perishing for want of bread ;
I gave him all ; he blessed it, brake
And ate, but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then ;
For while I sped with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst,
Clean from a rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mocked his thirst ;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on :
I ran to raise the sufferer up ;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er ;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

Stripped, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed ;
I had myself a wound concealed ;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

THE DAY OF WRATH.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day ?

When shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;

O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery pillar's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And O ! when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentiles' scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But thou hast said, ' the blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.'

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

KIRKE WHITE.

WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.

Deep horrors then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all ;
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

HYMN BEFORE THE SACRAMENT.

HEBER.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken !
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed !
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead !

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed !

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

HEMANS.

CHILD, amid the hours at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve,
Called thy harvest work to leave :
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveler, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie ;
Heaven's first star alike ye see ;
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

RAFLES.

High in yonder realms of light,
Far above these lower skies,
Fair and exquisitely bright,
Heaven's unfading mansions rise ;
Built of pure and massy gold,
Strong and durable are they ;
Decked with gems of worth untold,
Subjected to no decay !

Glad within these blest abodes,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Emmanuel's love !
One, indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Torturing pain, and heavy wo,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears :

These, alas ! full well they knew,
Sad companions of their way ;
Oft on them the tempest blew,
Through the long and cheerless day !
Oft their vileness they deplored,
Wills perverse and hearts untrue,
Grieved they could not love their Lord,
Love him as they wished to do.

Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told, in eloquence sincere,
Tales of wo they could not speak:
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never, weep again!

'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind!

All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows!
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.



THE BURIAL ANTHEM.

MILMAN.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

'The toilsome way thou 'st traveled o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blessed abode ;
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ,
And the Holy Spirit fail :
And there thou 'rt sure to-meet the good,
Who on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

‘Earth to earth,’ and ‘dust to dust,’
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed :
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

MARY MAGDALENE.

NOEL.

THERE is a tender sadness in that air,
While yet devotion lifts the soul above ;
Mournful though calm, as rainbow glories prove
The parting storm, it marks the past despair !
Heedless of gazers, once with flowing hair
She dried his tear-besprinkled feet, whose love,
Powerful alike to pardon and reprove,
Took from her aching heart its load of care,
Thenceforth nor time nor pain could e’er efface
Her Savior’s pity ; through all worldly scorn,
To her he had a glory and a grace,
Which made her humbly love and meekly mourn.
Till by his faithful care she reached the place,
Where his redeemed saints above all griefs are
borne.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Lo ! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain,
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumphs of his train ;
Hallelujah !
Jesus now shall ever reign !

Every eye shall now behold him,
Clothed in awful majesty ;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see !

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day,
‘ Come to judgment !
Come to judgment ! Come away ! ’

Now, redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All his saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air !
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear !

Answer thine own Bride and Spirit !
Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
Promised glory to inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home ;
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

Yea ! Amen ! Let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne ;
Savior ! take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own !
O come quickly !
Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come !

THE NATIVITY.

CAMPBELL.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill ;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light ;

Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky ;

Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came :
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung.

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes, to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart ;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.



GOD GLORIFIED IN ALL HIS WORKS.

ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's praise display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball,
What though nor voice nor minstrel sound
Among their radiant orbs be found :

With saints and angels they rejoice,
And utter forth their glorious voice ;
Forever singing as they shine,
' The hand that made us is divine !'

THE RAINBOW.

KNOX.

WHEN the floods of the deluge to ocean had rolled,
And the green-mantled hills reappeared ;
When the valleys unfolded their blossoms of gold,
And Noah, the patriarch, came forth from his hold,
The voice of Jehovah was heard —
The voice of Jehovah brought tidings of bliss
To the world late entombed in the fearful abyss.

‘ The smoke of thine offering hath come up on high,
Thou father of nations to be !
And now I my rainbow shall set in the sky,
When tempests are dark to thy terrified eye,
That shall bring consolation to thee,
To thousands of thousands that after thee tread
The regions of life to the realms of the dead.

‘ It is for a sign that I never again
With waters shall cover the earth ;
And the birds in the arbors shall warble their strain,
And the cattle shall browse on the nourishing plain,
And give to their progeny birth ;
And die as they died by the curse that I spoke,
When my cov’nant of old by thy father was broke.

‘ And thou, Noah, thou art preserved for thy worth,
To repeople the desolate world ;

To the climes of the south, to the isles of the north,
To the east and the west, shall thy children go forth,
With the white flags of ocean unfurled,
To publish my praises throughout every land,
And the judgments of vengeance that come from
my hand.

‘ And seed-time and harvest shall duly be given
To the hopes and the hands of mankind ;
And summer and winter, and morning and even,
And the dew-drops of earth, and the light-rays of
heaven,
And the cloud, and the rain, and the wind,
While earth on her orbit is destined to run,
And give her green breast to the beams of the sun.’

SELF-EXAMINATION.

At evening to myself I say,
My soul, where hast thou gleaned today ?
Thy labors how bestowed ?
What hast thou rightly said or done ?
What grace attained, or knowledge won,
In following after God ?



THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

MONTGOMERY.

Not to the mount that burned with fire,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet waxing higher and higher,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth his law :

But to mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod,
Where meet, in everlasting love,
The church of the first-born above :

To God, the Judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus, our great new-covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling, from the dust
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Savior's sacrifice.

O, hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild!
Today are life and death our choice ;
Today, through mercy reconciled,
Our all to God we yet may give ;
Now let us hear his voice and live.

THE EXEMPLARY WIFE.

KNOX.

O BLEST is he whose arms enfold
A consort virtuous as fair !
Her price is far above the gold
That wordly spirits love to share.
On her, as on a beauteous isle,
Amid life's dark and stormy sea,
In all his trouble, all his toil,
He rests with deep security.

Even in the night-watch, dark and lone,
The distaff fills her busy hand ;
Her husband in the gates is known
Among the elders of the land ;
Her household all delight to share
The food and raiment she bestows ;
Even she with a parent's care
Regards their weakness and their woes.

Her pitying hand supplies the poor,
The widowed one, the orphan child,
Like birds assembled round her door,
When sweeps the winter tempest wild.
Her lips, with love and wisdom fraught,
Drop, like the honeycomb, their sweets ;
The young are by her dietates taught,
The mourner her condolence meets.

Her lovely babes around her rise—
Far scions of a holy stem!
And deeply shall her bosom prize
The blessings she receives from them.
Beauty is vain as summer bloom
To which a transient fate is given;
But hers awaits a lasting doom
In the eternal bowers of heaven.

SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

ERE yet the evening star, with silver ray,
Sheds its mild lustre on this sacred day,
Let us resume, with thankful hearts again,
The rights that heaven and holiness ordain.

Still let those precious truths our thoughts engage,
Which shine revealed on inspiration's page;
Nor those blest hours in vanity be passed,
Which all who lavish will lament at last.

O God, our Savior, in our hearts abide;
Thy blood redeems us, and thy precepts guide;
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

And as yon sun descending rolls away,
To rise in glory at return of day,
So may we set, our transient being o'er,
So rise in glory on the eternal shore!

HYMN OF PRAISE.

WESLEY.

SOURCE of being, source of light,
With unfading beauties bright ;
Thee, when morning greets the skies,
Blushing sweet with humid eyes ;
Thee, when soft declining day
Sinks in purple waves away ;
Thee, O parent, will I sing,
To thy feet my tribute bring !

Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky ;
Earth on its firm basis placed,
And with circling waves embraced ;
All creating power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless ;
Shaking nature with thy nod,
Earth and heaven confess their God.

Source of light, thou bidst the sun
On his burning axles run ;
Stars like dust around him fly,
Strew the arca of the sky ;
Fills the queen of solemn night
From his vase her orb of light ;
Lunar lustre, thus we see,
Solar virtue shines by thee.

Father, King, whose heavenly face
Shines serene upon our race ;
Mindful of thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare ;
We thy majesty adore,
We thy well-known aid implore ;
Not in vain thy aid we call,
Nothing want, for thou art all !

THE MORNING STAR.

STAR of the morn, whose placid ray
Beamed mildly o'er yon sacred hill,
While whisp'ring zephyrs seemed to say,
As silence slept, and earth was still,
Hail, harbinger of gospel light !
Dispel the shades of nature's night !

I saw thee rise on Salem's towers,
I saw thee shine on gospel lands,
And Gabriel summoned all his powers,
And waked to ecstasy his bands ;
Sweet cherubs hailed thy rising ray,
And sang the dawn of gospel day !

Shine, lovely star ! on every clime,
For bright thy peerless beauties be ;
Gild with thy beam the wing of time,
And shed thy rays from sea to sea ;
Then shall the world from darkness rise,
Millennial glories cheer our eyes !

CHANGE.

L. E. LANDON.

THE wind is sweeping o'er the hill ;
It hath a mournful sound,
As if it felt the difference
Its weary wing hath found.
A little while that wandering wind
Swept over leaf and flower :
For there was green for every tree,
And bloom for every hour.

It wandered through the pleasant wood,
And caught the dove's lone song ;
And by the garden beds, and bore
The rose's breath along.
But hoarse and suddenly it sweeps ;
No rose is opening now ;
No music, for the wood-dove's nest
Is vacant on the bough.

O, human heart and wandering wind,
Go look upon the past ;
The likeness is the same with each,
Their summer did not last.
Each mourns above the things it loved ;
One o'er a flower and leaf ;
The other over hopes and joys,
Whose beauty was as brief.

GOD VISIBLE IN HIS WORKS.

ABOVE, below, where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view.
Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
Or glistening in the morning dew ;
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
Is but thine own reflection there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind,
That turns the ocean wave to foam ;
Nor less thy wondrous power I find,
When summer airs around me roam ;
The tempest and the calm declare
Thyself — for thou art everywhere.

I find thee in the noon of night,
And read thy name in every star
That drinks its splendor from the light
That flows from mercy's beaming ear :
Thy footstool, Lord, each starry gem
Composes — not thy diadem.

And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipped the mountain tops with gold,
Smote with the blaze my weary sight
Shrinks from the wonders I behold :
That ray of glory bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight, eve, the dewy morn ;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thine hands have fashioned to adorn :
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, ' God is here !'

THE PILGRIM OF ZION.

SAD pilgrim of Zion, though chastened a while,
Through this dark vale of tears, Hope still bids thee
smile ;

Far spent is the night ; see approaching the day,
That calls thee from sorrow and sighing away.

No tear of repentance, nor wave of the storm,—
Not a cloud shall e'er darken the light of that morn,
Where thy sun sets no more, but forever shall shine
Unsulled in beauty, in glory divine.

While thy robe, washed in blood, the price that was
given,

To redeem thee from earth, and to raise thee to
heaven ;

Where love blooms in peace, and blest joys feast
thy sight,

Where God is thy glory, the Lord thy delight.

O ! pilgrim, till then, be thou instant in prayer,
Life's sorrows and pains thy Redeemer will bear ;
Reposing in death, still the love that ne'er dies,
Sheds a light to conduct thee in peace to the skies.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

HEMANS.

'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken seemed —
Still, but with naught of gloom;
For then, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam and meekly bright,
On his gray holy hair,
And touched the book with tenderest light
As if its shrine were there;
But O! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far —
A radiance, all the Spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of light e'en then had met
His calm benignant eye,
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of immortality:
Some heart's deep language when the glow
Of quenchless faith survives,
For, every feature said, 'I know
That my Redeemer lives.'

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thought, o'ersweeping death :
Silent, yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt ?
O ! blest be those fair girls, and blest
The home where God is felt.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

WALKER.

AGAIN the week's dull labors close ;
The sons of toil from toil repose ;
And fast the evening gloom descends,
While home the weary peasant wends.
This night his eyes, in slumber sweet,
Shall droop their lids ; tomorrow greet
A day of calm content and rest,
To labor's aching limbs how blest !

Now, ere I seek my peaceful bed,
And on the pillow rest my head,
O, come, my soul, and wide display
The mercies of the week and day !
From danger who my frame hath kept,
While waking, and what time I slept ?
Who hath my every want supplied,
And to my footsteps proved a guide ?

'T is thou, my God ' to thee belong
Incense of praise, and hallowed song ;
To thee be all the glory given,
Of all my mercies under heaven.
From thee my daily bread and health,
Each comfort, all my spirit's wealth,
Have been derived ; my sins alone,
And errings I can call my own.

O, when tomorrow's sun shall rise,
And light once more shall glad these eyes,
May I thy blessed Sabbath prove,
A day of holy rest and love.
May my Redeemer's praises claim
My constant thought ; the Spirit's flame
Descend, my accents to inspire,
And fill my soul with rapture's fire.

And when the night of Death is come,
And I must slumber in the tomb,
O, then, my God, this faint heart cheer,
And far dispel the shades of fear,
And teach me, in thy strength, to tread
The path which leads me to the dead,
Assured, when life's hard toils are o'er,
Of rest with thee for evermore !



CHRIST OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

C. WESLEY.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea —
'Jesus hath lived, hath died for me!'

Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully through thee absolved I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Savior of sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners of whom the chief I am.

This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

And when the dead shall hear thy voice,
Thy banished children shall rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord our righteousness!

CHRIST A PRESENT HELP.

GRANT.

WHEN gathering clouds^{*} around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain,
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well ;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer wo ;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;
Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When, mourning, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Savior, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And, O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed ; for thou hast died :
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

THE GERMAN WATCHMEN'S SONG.

Among the watchmen in Germany, a singular custom prevails, of chanting devotional hymns as well as songs of a national or amusing character, during the night. Of the former description of pieces, the following is a specimen, the several stanzas being chanted as the hours of the night are successively announced.

HARK ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell—
TEN now strikes on the belfry bell !
Ten are the holy commandments given
To man below, from God in Heaven.

CHORUS.

Human watch from harm can't ward us,
God will watch and God will guard us ;

He, through his eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell —
ELEVEN sounds on the belfry bell!
Eleven apostles of holy mind,
Taught the gospel to mankind.
Human watch, &c.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell —
TWELVE resounds from the belfry bell!
Twelve disciples to Jesus came,
Who suffered rebuke for their Savior's name.
Human watch, &c.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell —
ONE has pealed on the belfry bell!
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us forth in hour of need.
Human watch, &c.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell —
Two resounds from the belfry bell!
Two paths before mankind are free,
Neighbors choose the best for thee.
Human watch, &c.

Hark! ye neighbors, and hear me tell —
THREE now sounds on the belfry bell!
Threefold reigns the Heavenly Host,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST!
Human watch, &c.

THE SABBATH.

EAST.

LORD of the sabbath and its light ;
I hail thy hallowed day of rest ;
It is my weary soul's delight,
The solace of my care-worn breast.

Its dewy morn, its glowing noon,
Its tranquil eve, its solemn night,
Pass sweetly ; but they pass too soon,
And leave me saddened at their flight.

Yet sweetly as they glide along,
And hallowed though the calm they yield ;
Transporting though their rapturous song,
And heavenly visions seem revealed :

My soul is desolate and drear,
My silent harp untuned remains ;
Unless, my Savior, thou art near,
To heal my wounds and soothe my pains.

O ever, ever let me hail
Thy presence, with thy day of rest !
Then will thy servant never fail
To deem thy sabbaths doubly blest.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

HEBER.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a balmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story !
And you, ye waters, roll ;
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole !
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinner's slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

WHAT IS TIME?

MARSDEN.

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs ;
' Time is the warp of life,' he said, ' O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well ! '

I asked the ancient venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled :
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
' Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode ! '

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life's ' golden bowl had broke ;'
I asked him ' what is time ? ' ' Time,' he replied,
' I've lost it, ah, the treasure ! ' and he died !

I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years ;

They answered, 'time is but a meteor's glare,'
And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round
Which beautify, or desolate the ground ;
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)
' 'T is folly's blank, and wisdom's highest prize.'

I asked a spirit lost, but O the shriek
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak !
It cried, ' a particle ! a speck ! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite ! '

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply,
' Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to glory, or the path to hell.'

I asked my bible, and methinks it said,
' Thine is the present hour, the past is fled ;
Live ! live today ! tomorrow never yet
On any human being rose or set !'

I asked old father Time himself at last ;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land ;
' By heaven's great King I swear the mystery's o'er !
Time was,' he cried, ' but time shall be no more ! '

THE BETTER LAND.

HEMANS.

I HEAR thee speak of a better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! O, where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs ?
‘ Not there, not there, my child.’

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?
‘ Not there, not there, my child.’

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand —
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?
‘ Not there, not there, my child.’

‘ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child !'

THE REST OF THE GRAVE.

How STILL and peaceful is the grave !
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by Heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode :
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

There, servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

All, leveled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

A PRAYER TO JESUS.

HEBER.

WHEN our heads are bowed with wo,
When our bitter tears o'erflow ;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls ;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

HEAVEN.

JOB III. 17.

WHEN will be the signal given
Which shall set my cares at rest?
For I long to be in heaven,
Near a Savior's pitying breast ;
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Nothing sinful or unholy
Can that beauteous place infest ;
But the spirit meek and lowly,
And the humble, contrite breast ;
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.

Satan there no longer grieveth,
Earthly passions ne'er molest ;
But the faithful saint receiveth
Refuge for his soul distressed ;
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.

Savior, be thy grace extended,
Cleanse my heart by sin oppress ;
So when life's short day be ended,
I may find that haven blest ;
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest.

TO THE MISSIONARY ON DEPARTING.

REVEREND JOHN ALEXANDER.

Go to the work to which thy thoughts aspire,
Christ and apostles have pronounced it 'good ;'
Go, then, baptized with pentecostal fire,
And point the heathen to the Savior's blood.

Preach not thyself; let Jesus be thy theme,
His name, his work, his love forever tell,
His gracious power almighty to redeem
A guilty world from sin, and death, and hell.

Go seek the battle's front, and toil and die
In the blest cause. It well deserves thy life ;
Think of the crown of glory in the sky,
When faint and wearied in the arduous strife.

Fear not the mountain billow's rise and roar,
The Captain of salvation rules the wave ;
Fear not the Moloch's temple on the shore,
Immanuel reigns, omnipotent to save.

The brahmin caste before his breath shall melt,
The savage warrior sheathe his sword in peace.
From east to west his influence shall be felt,
And through all time his government increase.

THE SAVIOR'S LOVE.

BOWDLER.

CHILD of men, whose seed below
Must fulfill their race of woe;
Heir of want, and doubt, and pain,
Does thy fainting heart complain?
O! in thought, one night recall,
Night of grief in Herod's hall;
There I bore the vengeance due,
Freely bore it all for you.

Child of dust, corruption's son,
By pride deceived, by pride undone,
Willing captive, yet be free,
Take my yoke and learn of me.
I, of heaven and earth the Lord,
God with God, the eternal Word,
I forsook my Father's side,
Toiled and wept, and bled and died.

Child of doubt, does fear surprise,
Vexing thoughts within thee rise;
Wondering, murmuring, dost thou gaze
On evil men and evil days?
O! if darkness round thee lower,
Darker far my dying hour,
Which bade that fearful cry awake,
My God, my God, dost thou forsake?

Child of sin, by guilt oppressed,
Heaves at last that throbbing breast?
Hast thou felt the mourner's part,
Fearest thou now thy failing heart?
Bear thee on beloved of God,
Tread the path thy Savior trod;
He the tempter's power hath known,
He hath poured the garden groan.

Child of heaven, by me restored,
Love thy Savior, serve thy Lord;
Sealed with that mysterious name;
Bear thy cross, and scorn the shame,
Then like me, thy conflict o'er,
Thou shalt rise to sleep no more;
Partner of my purchased throne,
One in joy, in glory one.

THE WORLD RESTORED.

JAMES EDMESTON.

THIS world was once a paradise!
When will it be again?
When sin shall have its overthrow,
And righteousness shall reign;
When sea and shore, hill, plain, and dell,
Shall own thy power, Emanuel!

Who could look on this universe,
Its ever varied face,
Its beautiful sublimities,
And every softer grace ;
And not confess how passing fair,
Had evil never entered there ?

The glories of the summer noon,
The splendor of the beam,
The night's more gentle loveliness,
The moon's delicious gleam,
The woods, the waters — each have shone
With countless beauties of their own.

But how hath man with wickedness
The lovely scene defiled !
War, rapine, murder, cruelty,
Transformed it to a wild ;
And hateful spirits spread their wing,
Like fiends in Eden reveling.

And Sin's pale daughter Misery,
In her Protean forms
Of sickness, pain, mortality,
Contentions, famine, storms,
Hath claimed an empire, where before,
Peace dwelt and gladness hovered o'er.

Bring back this world, great Conqueror !
To thy benignant sway ;
Establish truth in righteousness,

And haste the gospel day :
Then might we hope this earth to see
As like to heaven as earth could be !

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

ON PRESENTING HER A BIBLE.

No DIAMOND bright, nor ruby rare,
To grace thy neck, adorn thy hair,
My dearest child I give ;
These are vain toys, that please awhile,
But, like the rainbow's transient smile,
Their beauty cannot live.

This sacred treasure, far more dear
Than diamond, pearl, or ruby clear,
This living gift divine,
A father's love presents to thee ;
O, may it to *thy* spirit be
What it has been to *mine*.

A solace, hope, unerring guide,
Companion constant at thy side,
To check the wrong desire ;
A faithful monitor to warn,
Its purity thy soul adorn,
Its promises inspire.

THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

‘The sower soweth the world.’ MARK 4: 14.

Sow IN the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it round the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O’er hill and dale, by plots, ’t is found,
Go forth then everywhere.

Thou know’st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain,
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garnerers in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing ' Harvest Home !'

I GIVE THEE ALL.

I GIVE thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be ;
A broken spirit 's all the store
That sin has left for me.

My trembling lip but half reveals
The prayer my heart would tell ;
But throes my panting bosom feels
Thy spirit sees full well.

Deep in despair my spirit lies,
And sinking clings to thee :
A contrite heart wilt thou despise,
Nor stretch one hand to me ?

Then take my heart, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be ;
At thy command, my only store,
O Lord, I give to thee.

THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

REVEREND W. SWAN.

ON the warrior's early tomb
Victory twines the laurel wreath,
Hark ! his country bids it bloom
O'er her hero's dust beneath !

Glory has a halo thrown
Round the consecrated grave ;
O'er it love and friendship mourn,
Beauty weeps the fallen brave !

But there is a glorious fight,
Fought by heroes little known,
Nor has fame to tell their might,
On her silver trumpet blown.

Yes, there is a holy cause.
In that cause to yield my breath,
Though I miss the world's applause,
I would die the martyr's death.

Here a soldier's ashes rest ;
In this desert spot of ground,
Long the foe around him pressed,
Now he is with glory crowned.

Let the world its heroes praise,
Round their tombs its laurels twine ;
May the christian's fighting days,
And the christian's grave be mine !

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

REVEREND THOMAS RAFFLES.

Blest hour! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

Blest hour! when earthly cares resign
Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
While all around the calm divine
Proclaims the holy day of rest.

Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To list the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

Blest hour! for then where He resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

Hail! peaceful hour, supremely blest,
Amid the hours of wordly care!
That hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

And when my hours of prayer are past,
O! may I leave these Sabbath days,
To find eternity at last
A never ending hour of praise.

A CHRISTIAN'S DAY.

ANNA MARIA PORTER.

WAKING IN THE MORNING.

LORD, let my thoughts on angel wings,
At waking, rise to thee,
Ev'n ere the lark at 'heaven's gate sings'
Her hymn of ecstasy !
And as the light, through night's dark stole,
Increaseth more and more,
May brighter ardors in my soul
Thy providence adore !

WALKING OUT INTO THE FIELDS.

While drinking in the healthful air,
While gazing round on earth and sky ;
Lord, let my heart the influence share,
Which nerves my frame, and fills mine eye ;
Let rapture wake the grateful glow,
Till thou alone my worship be !
Since all that nature can bestow
Of bliss or beauty, flows from thee !

TAKING REFRESHMENT.

As oft I break my daily bread,
Or plentiful or scant,
O ! may I ne'er forget to spread
The board of humbler want !

And as my temperate cup I take
With fervent gratitude,
May that glad act the memory wake
Of Christ's atoning blood !

GOING TO REST.

When slumbers, soft as noiseless snow,
Descend upon mine eyes,
Lord, let me sink to rest, as though
I never more should rise !
Let thy blest Spirit from my breast,
The world, and sin, have driven,
So that if death these lids have pressed,
My soul may wake in heaven !

THE HEART IS FIXED.

HEBREWS, XII : 1.

THE heart is fixed, and fixed the eye,
And I am girded for the race :
The Lord is strong, and I rely
On his assisting grace.
Race for the swift ; it must be run :
A prize laid up ; it must be won.

And I have tarried longer now
(Pleased with the scenes of time,)

Than fitteth those who hope to go
To heaven, that holy clime ;
Who hope to pluck the fruit which grows
Where the immortal river flows.

The atmosphere of earth, O ! how
It hath bedimmed the eye,
And quenched the spirit's fervent glow,
And stayed the purpose high.
And how these feet have gone astray,
That should have walked the narrow way.

Race for the swift ; I must away,
With footsteps firm and free ;
Ye pleasures that invite my stay
And cares, are naught to me ;
For lo ! it gleameth on my eye,
The glory of that upper sky.

' A prize laid up,' said he who fought
That holy fight of old,
' Laid up in heaven for me, yet not
For me alone that crown of gold,
But all who wait till thou appear,
Savior, the diadem shall wear.'

Patiently wait ; so help thou me,
O meek and holy One,
That dim although the vision be,
The race I still may run ;
This eye thus lifted to the skies,
This heart thus burning for the prize.

THE PARTED SPIRIT.

JOHN MALCOLM.

'Ye cannot tell whence it cometh, or' whither it goeth.'

MYSTERIOUS in its birth,
And yiewless as the blast;
Where hath the spirit fled from earth,
Forever past?

I ask the grave below,
It keeps the secret well;
I call upon the heavens to show,
They will not tell.

Of earth's remotest strand,
Are tales and tidings known;
But from the spirit's distant land,
Returneth none.

Winds waft the breath of flowers,
To wanderers o'er the wave,
But bear no message from the bowers
Beyond the grave.

Proud science scales the skies,
From star to star doth roam,
But reaches not the shore where lies
The spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide
 'This mystery of heaven ;
But where all knowledge is denied,
 To hope is given.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

LUKE XXIII: XXXIII.

WHAT vision bright, of heavenly mould,
 Lifts his pale hand to summon me ?
On his fair brow the death damps cold
 Hang like a dew wreath o'er the sea ;
 He beckons sadly, silently,
 And points him to mount Calvary.

A shroud enwraps his radiant form,
 A thorny chaplet girds his brow ;
While the fast oozing life drops warm,
 From his bruised temples darkly flow.
 'Tis Him! the Savior, who for me
 Gave up the ghost on Calvary.

Yes! He who died on earth for me,
 For me, the lost, the unforgiven,
Now seeks his Father's face to be
 My intercessor still in heaven.
 O! not my life's eternity
 Can pay the debt of Calvary.

Wake torpid spirit! break the spell
Which sin and folly wove around,
Taste not the opiate of hell,
Though high the sparkling cup be crowned.
Thy gilded fetters rend, be free,
And upward mount to Calvary.

There kneel before the sacred cross,
And east thy sins and sorrows there;
Leave, too, the world's poor tinsel'd dross,
Such toys ill suit the Son's co-heir;
Let naught impede thy eager way,
Haste! gain the rock of Calvary.

The path is steep, but plain to sight;
His bloody footsteps mark it well:
Come, as we climb the dizzy height,
Let our glad notes of triumph swell;
Hail, blessed Savior! praise to thee!
Who died for us on Calvary.

THE INVOCATION.

MRS. HEMANS.

ANSWER me, burning stars of night!
Where is the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
Even as a breeze, hath flown?

And the stars answered me, ' we roll
In light and power on high,
And of the never dying soul,
Ask things that cannot die ! '

O ! many toned and chainless wind !
Thou art a wanderer free ;
Tell me, if thou its place can find,
Far over mount and sea ?
And the wind murmured in reply,
' The blue deep I have crossed,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost ! '

Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer ! have ye a home for those,
Whose earthly race is run ?
The bright clouds answered, ' we depart,
We vanish from the sky ;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart,
For that which cannot die ! '

Speak, then, thou voice of God within !
' Then of the deep low tone !
Answer me through life's restless din,
Where has the spirit flown ?
And the voice answered, ' be thou still !
Enough to know is given ;
Clouds, winds, and stars their task fulfill,
Thine is to trust in Heaven ! '

THE HARP OF JUDAH.

O HARP ! that once in Judah's hall,
In sweet inspiring strain,
Entranced the fiery soul of Saul,
And soothed a monarch's pain ;

How oft, when o'er my earthly joys
Runs ruin's ruthless stream,
I welcome thy consoling voice,
Thy heaven-directing theme.

Though gone the hand that waked thee first,
Though closed thy minstrel's eye ;
And those who caught thy early burst
Of glory are not nigh :

Of thee no string is broken yet ;
Thy deep and holy tone
Can make every care forget,
And dream of heaven alone.

O harp ! if Judah's shepherd flung
Such charms around his theme,
When o'er time's distant scenes he hung
In dim prophetic dream ;

What now thy spell if David's hand
Once more could wake thy strains,
And tell to every listening land,
The Lord Immanuel reigns ?

LOVE TO GOD.

O, SWEET is morn's first breeze that strays on the
mountain,
And sighs o'er its bosom, and murmurs away ;
And bright is the beam which upsprings from day's
fountain,
And breaks o'er the east in its golden array !

And lovely the riv'let incessantly flowing,
Which winds gently murm'ring its course through
the plain ;
And welcome the beacon which, faithfully glowing,
Cheers the heart of the mariner tossed on the main.

But sweeter, my God, is thy voice of compassion,
Which soft as the summer's dew falls on the mind ;
Which whispers the tidings of life and salvation,
And casts the dark shadows of sorrow behind.

O yes, I have known it, when, kindly and cheering,
It hushed the hoarse thunders of justice to rest ;
It was heard, and the angel of mercy appearing,
Poured the balm of relief o'er the penitent's breast.

And still may I hear it, while crossing life's ocean,
Or borne on the billow, or breathed in the gale ;
Enkindling the flame of expiring devotion,
And uttering the promise that never shall fail.

'Tis the still voice of Him who expired on the mountain.

And breathed out for sinners his last dying groan ;
His voice who on Calvary opened the fountain,
Of water to cleanse, and of blood to atone.

That voice, O believer ! shall cheer and protect thee,
When the cold chill of death thy frail bosom invades ;
At its sound shall the Day-star arise to direct thee,
And gild with refulgence the valley of shades.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

WATTS.

SWEET was the journey to the sky,
The holy prophet tried ;
'Climb up the mount,' said God, 'and die ;'
The prophet climbed, and died.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast,
His Maker soothed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own spirit gave ;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

FRIENDSHIP.

WILLIAM WILTON.

FRIENDSHIP ! first treasure of the breast,
Strong as the stamp on iron prest,
Changless by trial, time, or shore,
And firmer still as cools the ore !
Within the earth's deluding round,
How art thou sought, how art thou found ?

Not swifter on the eye decays
The meteor of the evening haze,
The morning coronet of dew,
That bends the harebell's tender blue ;
Not swifter fades the rose's sigh,
'Than earth, thy friendship is gone by.

But, what is life itself ? A dream,
A pageant of the things that seem —
Youth, fiery manhood, weary age,
The passers o'er a painted stage —
Our very world a whirling sphere,
And shall we ask for friendship here ?

Dim children of the storm and cloud,
Where is all shadowy but the shroud,
Where, hope, love, genius, beauty, power,
Pass like a summer's gleaming shower,
Shall to our clasp the form be given,
But born in heaven, and made for heaven !

'NOW IS THE ACCEPTED TIME.'

II. CORINTHIANS, VI : II.

Now is the day of grace ;
Now, to the Savior come !
The Lord is calling, ' seek my face,'
And I will guide you home !

Home to that bright abode
Where Jesus reigns supreme,
Home to those joys prepared by God,
Home of your sweetest dream.

Home, where each sigh is stilled,
Where tears are never shed,
But love and joy have filled
With flowers the path we tread.

A Father bids you speed,
O ! wherefore then delay ?
He calls in love, he sees your need,
He bids you come today.

Today the prize is won,
The promise is to save :
Then, O, be wise ! tomorrow's sun
May shine upon your grave !

THE WORLD AND HEAVEN.

HICKES.

Why do we seek felicity
Where 't is not to be found ?
And not, dear Lord, look up to thee,
Where all delights abound ?

O world ! how little do thy joys
Concern a soul that knows
Itself not made for such low toys
As thy poor hand bestows !

Then take away thy tinsel wares,
That dazzle here our eyes :
Let us go up above the stars,
Where all our treasure lies.

The way we know : our dearest Lord
Himself has gone before :
And has engaged his faithful word,
To open us the door.

But, O my God ! reach out thy hand,
And take us up to thee ;
That we about thy throne may stand,
And all thy glory see.

NATHAN AND DAVID.

MISS LANDON.

THE monarch knelt, and, in the dust,
Confessed his sin and shame ;
And God forgave the guilty one,
Who called upon his name.

He won by tears, he won by prayers,
A pardon from on high ;
Though scarce he dared to raise to heaven
His dim and pleading eye.

God grant that never we may bow
So low to guilt's control,
As did that king who had the weight
Of blood upon his soul.

But seeds of sorrow and of crime
Are sown each heart within ;
And who can look upon his soul,
And say he knows not sin ?

Then teach us, Lord, to weep and pray,
And bend the suppliant knee ;
For what but penitence and prayer
Can hope for grace from thee ?

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

BARTON.

WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.
Walk in the light ! and sin, abhorred,
Shall ne'er defile again ;
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.
Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there !
Walk in the light ! and thou shalt be
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light !



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